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Perennials.

men which we shake off in our selfishness that lay us down.

July Fourth.

May I ask you to linger while I . . . recall to you the sacredness which this day—the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence—is in the hearts of us Americans. To all men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For it is our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men.

July Fourth.

Like to the nation or the citizen that does not care that . . . liberty of men means no people and no man exercises no good that self-restraint and modesty and generosity and independence . . . they are the crown upon the head of a despotic despotism, are

1. *Parasitica* 100

100



PERENNIALS

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS
OF THE
RT. REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

ARRANGED FOR EACH DAY OF
THE YEAR

"My little tasks—the little tasks even of my little life—
claim the divinest inspirations which the martyrdoms and
the crusades of the most splendid souls require."

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

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Perennials.

January First.

When a man starts afresh, either with the newness of a new year, or with the stimulus of altered circumstances, or with the inspiration of a new work, what his start ought to do for him is to refresh the deepest principles by which he lives. In a new beginning men ought to feel, and in some way more or less clear they do feel, what they are and what great powers are at work upon them.

January Second.

It is God, and the discovery of Him in life, and the certainty that He has

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Perennials.

plans for our lives and is doing something with them, that gives us a true, deep sense of movement, and lets us always feel the power and delight of unknown coming things.

January Third.

The peace of any man's soul who has outgrown mere self-indulgence, can only come by going forward—on to the deepest principles and final causes of things. Put God underneath all your life, and your life must rest upon the Everlasting Arms.

January Fourth.

God is the only final dream of man. Door after door opens; there is no final chamber till we come where He sits. All that ought to be done in the world has a right to know itself as finally done for Him.



January.

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January Fifth.

Coming to love God is like climbing a high mountain. It takes you out of the low valley of formal life. It sets you upon the open summit of spiritual sympathy, close to the sun.

January Sixth.

A man's place is made ready for him in the mind of God; the man's life is set here as a positive, clear fact; and what comes next? . . . That life must tell. It must go out beyond itself. It must have influence.

January Seventh.

"A live man" is an American eulogy. . . . The "live man" is the man who loves goodness and desires it for himself and his brethren, and lets his love go out into effort wherever it gets a chance.

January Eighth.

Christianity lives in two great ideas—personal perfection and humanity. . . . The disciple of Christianity finds that he cannot grow perfect except by helping his fellow-men, and that he cannot effectively help his fellow-men except out of the resources of an ever-growing goodness in himself.

January Ninth.

When you come down from the summits, you do not come away from God. There is no task of life in which you do not need Him. The Nation is as truly His as the Church. The workbench needs His light as truly as the cloister. . . . God hasten the day when the world shall freely use the divinest powers for its commonest tasks!

January Tenth.

Do not delay until some need worthy of God shall seem to make it possible for you to come to Him. *All needs need Him.* Come with the needs you have. . . . Through His supply of them He will awaken higher needs; and at last, little by little, He will fulfil you with Himself.

January Eleventh.

Many men attempt to keep up a body of good habits without any spiritual purpose of goodness to inhabit them. It is as anxious and costly and hopeless an undertaking as would be the attempt to keep in repair a whole village of unoccupied houses.

January Twelfth.

Reverence the simple, the prosaic, the natural, the real, but demand of

every common thing of life, whether it be your body or your money or your daily experience, that it shall bloom into fine results in your own soul and in your influence on the world.

January Thirteenth.

Every cross, since Christ the Light hung upon His, is a light-giver. O sufferer with any nameless agony, rejoice if thy cross lightens thy life as thy Saviour's did His. If it lets thee see the higher end of life—that men and women were not born to live daintily, . . . but to bring praise to God,—if this has been revealed to thee by suffering, rejoice and glory in thy every pain as Elijah must have gloried in the fiery horses that bore him up to God.

January Fourteenth.

Wherever there is any real, pure joy in any smallest pleasure-bearing vein

of man's existence, there is God.
. . . He is always discontent if any one of His children, loving any goodness anywhere, does not trace it back to Him, and love Him in loving it. He sees that none of His children get the best good out of any blessing unless they receive Him in it.

January Fifteenth.

It is the oneness of the soul's life with God's life that at once makes us try to be like Him and brings forth our unlikeness to Him. It is the source at once of aspiration and humility. The more aspiration, the more humility.

January Sixteenth.

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. The purpose, the consecration, of the life to God and goodness is its tide. The special struggles to do good things are

the waves. The deep, persistent, and unchanging hate of the peculiar sin, which is determined never to be reconciled to it and to fight against it till it dies,—that is the soul's success, which does not falter or stop, and which carries along with it all the partial failures of which the life is full.

January Seventeenth.

It is the bright, young, free, hopeful element that starts up at His coming to bid Him welcome. . . . The dry man of books, the dusty man of business, the old man crusted with the dreary years,—they all grow young again, the everlastingly young part of them asserts itself, when they take Christ.

January Eighteenth.

Holiness does not make men monotonous. The dimmer the light, the

more things look alike. Increase the light and then you see how different they are.

January Nineteenth.

Merely to see that things are right or wrong, and not to feel a pleasure in their rightness and a pain in their wrongness, does not indicate a finely moulded character.

January Twentieth.

The very reverence with which we honor God may make us shut Him out from the hard tasks and puzzling questions with which we have to do. Many who call themselves theists are like the savages who, in the desire to honor the wonderful sun-dial which had been given them, built a roof over it. Break down the roof; let God in on your life.

Perennials.**January Twenty-first.**

For the world to say, and for us to hear, nothing better than "Enjoy!" is to turn the relation between the world and man into something hardly better than that which exists between the corn-field and the crows. . . . He who is always hearing and answering the call of life to be thoughtful and brave and self-sacrificing, he alone can safely hear the other cry of life tempting him to be happy and enjoy.

January Twenty-second.

Let go the fascination of the unhealthy and the exceptional; come to the everlasting health, the great natural and normal life which lies under the fretfulness of living as the great sea underlies the fretful waves,—“Come unto Me.”

January.

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January Twenty-third.

When the world opens to you as a plan of God, when all existence is vocal with His meanings, when His intentions thread the universe so that he who reads human progress, in its largeness or its littleness, reads God's will,—that is “seeing God.”

January Twenty-fourth.

These lives of ours, hurrying on in their ambitions, spreading out in their loves,—they are capable of being filled with God. . . . Without losing their eager pursuit of their appointed task, without losing their cordial reaching after the lives around them, they shall be quietly, steadily, nobly lifted into something of the peace and dignity of the God whom they aspire to.

Perennials.**January Twenty-fifth.**

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light. There is no life so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what sudden moment it may flash forth with the life of God.

January Twenty-sixth.

The world takes us as we give ourselves to it. If we say to it, "Make us noble," it does make us noble. If we say to it, "Make us mean," it does make us mean. It is our minister, fulfilling our commissions for us upon our own souls.

January Twenty-seventh.

We all know that the best help that has been given to us in life has not

come from those who gave us money or anything which money could represent. . . . There are higher things to give than money, and any man who really wants to give something may find something to give, though his purse be empty.

January Twenty-eightb.

Are hearts never broken by blessings? Does the sun, with its still and steady mercy, work no chemical changes more gracious and more permanent than the wild winds accomplish? . . . I believe that much of the best piety of the world is ripened not under sorrow, but under joy.

January Twenty-ninthb.

How life lifts itself up with interest and dignity when it becomes the cul-

ture of God's redeemed children for their Father's house!

January Thirtieth.

Men who do their work without enjoying it are like men carving statues with hatchets. The statue gets carved perhaps, and is a monument forever of the dogged perseverance of the artist; but there is a perpetual waste of toil, and there is no fine result in the end.

January Thirty-first.

✕ You who are wishing you could do a thing you ought to do, and hiding behind your weakness; you must hear God saying, "Do it!" and feel the necessity of obeying Him, the joy of pleasing Him, run through your being like the strong blood of a new life; then, then only, you are on your feet, and the impossible thing is done.



February First.

Irreverence everywhere is blindness and not sight. It is the stare which is bold because it believes in its heart that there is nothing which its insolent intelligence may not fathom, and makes the world as shallow as it ignorantly deems the world to be.

February Second.

No one is living worthily who is not faithful already to the future life which he does not yet understand, but which he knows must come. . . . Before the god has occupied the temple, the temple must feel the influence of his promised coming, and keep its empty courts clean for him.

Perennials.**February Third.**

The days of sickness, days of temptation, days of doubt, days of discouragement, days of bereavement, and of the aching loneliness which comes when the strong voice is silent and the dear face is gone,—these are the days when Christ sees most clearly the crown of our need upon our foreheads, and comes to serve us with His love.

February Fourth.

Any man who is good for anything, if he is always thinking about himself will come to think himself good for nothing very soon. It is only a fop or a fool who can bear to look at himself all day long without disgust.

February Fifth.

Like the disciples pulling calmly on and thinking they could cross the lake,



the Christ in their boat lying asleep, is the mere dogmatism that rests in its own sufficient grasp of the truths of our religion. . . . No religious calm is safe in which the personal Christ sleeps and we think that we can do without Him. It is a blessed storm, however hard it blows, that makes us wake Him.

February Sixth.

If you do your work with complete faithfulness, . . . you are making as genuine a contribution to the substance of the universal good as is the most brilliant worker whom the world contains. You are setting as true a fact between the eternities as he.

February Seventh.

Greatness, after all, in spite of its name, appears to be not so much a

Perennials.

certain size as a certain quality in human lives. It may be present in lives whose range is very small.

February Eighth.

Food is not health. The human body is built just so as to turn food into health and strength. And truth is not holiness. The human soul was made to turn, by the subtle chemistry of its digestive experience, truth into goodness.

February Ninth.

The plant ought to come to flower; but if the plant fails of its flower it is still a plant. The duty should open into a joy; but it may fail of joy and still be a duty. If the joy is not there, still hold the duty, and be sure that you have the real thing while you hold that.



February Tenth.

All our wickednesses, which we call little wickednesses at home or in the street — they all take their place in, they all declare their oneness with, that sin which brought Christ to the Cross.

February Eleventh.

The duty of physical health and the duty of spiritual purity and loftiness are not two duties; they are two parts of one duty. . . . Be good that you may be well; be well that you may be good.

February Twelfth.

Great men are in the world what the most enlightened and exalted experiences are in the life of any man. They are the mountain-tops on which the influences which are afterward to fertilize our whole humanity have birth.

Perennials.

February Thirteenth.

The field stands watching the faithful man, and when he does another faithful thing it praises him with a new wheat sheaf or a new olive tree. . . . There is something very attractive because there is something very true in that idea. It makes the earth a unit.

February Fourteenth.

The souls that meet as friends in God may well believe that they shall hold each other as eternally as He holds each and each holds Him.

February Fifteenth.

There is not one who does not need the strength of God to refuse some bread that the devil is holding out to him, that in the hunger of his lower nature he may feed his soul on some eternal word of God.

February Sixteenth.

If you must pass through what is even a desert to get to fertile, smiling lands beyond, still it is not good to count even the desert a mere necessary evil, to get through and be forgotten as soon as possible; it is good, as you plod through the sand, to feed your eyes with the vastness and simplicity of the world which the monotony of sky and sand can most impressively display to you. So, if God has appointed to any of us times of solitude and friendlessness, let us pray that we may not pass through them, however dreary they may be, without bringing from them greater conceptions of Him and of our fellow-men and of ourselves.

February Seventeenth.

Sin and holiness are not in things, but in souls; and all things are beauti-

Perennials.

ful in the time when a soul uses them for holy uses with a loving, humble, and obedient life.

February Eighteenth.

It takes only one volcano anywhere upon the earth to show that the heart of the earth is fire, and that some day it may burst through the thickest crust ; . . . that is the tragedy of our single sins.

February Nineteenth.

Whatever may be the special aspect that life presents to us, there is always behind it a larger purpose of life of which these special aspects are only exhibitions. That larger purpose is the reception of God by the soul of man.

February Twentieth.

The glory of the star, the glory of the sun—we must not lose either in



the other. We must not be so full of the hope of heaven that we cannot do our work on the earth; we must not be so lost in the work of earth that we shall not be inspired by the hope of heaven.

February Twenty-first.

You can be idle for God, if so He wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for Him. The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as the harvest-field or the battle-field when once your soul has come to value, as the end of life, the privilege of seeking and of finding Him.

February Twenty-second.

A thousand unrecorded patriots helped to make Washington, a thousand lovers of liberty contributed to Lincoln. . . . And any man, who

Perennials.

in his small degree is living like the child of God, has a right to all the comfort of knowing that God will not let his life be lost, but will use it in the making of some great child of God.

February Twenty-third.

He who has lived in the form of an experience looks back, while he who has entered into the substance of an experience looks forward. Live deeply and you must live hopefully.

February Twenty-fourth.

Out of the hillside of humiliated pride, deep in the darkness of hushed despair, in the fretting and dusty atmosphere of little cares, wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways,—there God is hewing out the pillars of His temple. Oh, if the stone can only



have some vision of the temple of which it is to lie a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer and knows that success for it is simply to let it be wrought into what shape the Master wills.

February Twenty-fifth.

Realize the power of sinfulness, which has in it the cruelty and falseness and impurity of the worst men that have lived, that you may realize also the power of holiness, which has in it the truth and bravery and gentleness of all the saints.

February Twenty-sixth.

If you really want to help your fellow-men, you must not merely have in you what would do them good if they should take it from you, but you must be such a man that they can take

it from you. The snow must melt upon the mountain and come down in a spring torrent, before its richness can make the valley rich.

February Twenty-seventh.

All our works, even the greatest, are so little in relation to the world's need ! All our works, even the least, are so great in relation to the doer's faithfulness !

February Twenty-eighth.

Even the eternal abiding of the Son in the bosom of the Father's affection has to feed itself on the Son's doing of the commandments of the Father.
. . . What are we that we should think that in us the fire of love can burn without the fuel of duty ?



March First.

“ I never will obey,” men say, as if so they asserted the greatness of their souls. Is it not true that what they really assert is the meagreness of their lives ? He who obeys nothing, receives nothing.

March Second.

It seems to be very certain that the world is to grow better and richer in the future, however it has been in the past, not by the magnificent achievements of the highly gifted few, but by the patient faithfulness of the one-talented many.

March Third.

Never be afraid to bring the transcendent mysteries of our faith—

Perennials.

Christ's life and death and resurrection—to the help of the humblest and commonest wants.

March Fourth.

We may strive, by that devotion to the spiritual element in national life which even pure secularity of public methods still leaves possible, to hasten the day—which must come if Christ be what we know He is—when the idea of Jesus will be the shaping and moving power of the Christian State.

March Fifth.

Thoroughly believe that the Church is certainly bound to be spiritual, and the State to be magnanimous, and Society to be pure, and you are armed or inspired against the unspirituality of the Church and the sordidness of the State and the impurity of social life.

March Sixth.

“ Lo, I am with you alway.” We are not alone. The work is not ours, but His. The strength to do it is not to be called up out of the depths of ourselves, but taken down from the heights of Him.

March Seventh.

Any experience of ours, once made helpful by the heavenly element, has a strange universalness. It can help men who are passing through an experience totally unlike itself. Souls in full tide of joy have subtle gospels for the poor, discouraged, broken men who lie beside the road through which they pass.

March Eighth.

What we get from fellow-men in all the close and pressing contacts into which life brings us with one another, depends not nearly so much upon what

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the men are whom we touch, as upon what sort of men we are who touch them.

March Ninth.

As soon as God touches you, you shall burn with a light so truly your own that you shall reverence your own mysterious life, and yet so truly His that pride shall be impossible.

March Tenth.

It is not every sorrow that helps the sorrowing, not every success inspires courage, not every joy makes the joyless lift up their heads,—all these experiences are of the earth and earthy, mere pools of water, until the angel's touch falls on them, until the heavenly element comes into them.

March Eleventh.

There is an everlasting struggle going on against wickedness and wretched-

ness. . . . How many there are who stand apart and wish it well, but never expose themselves for it, nor do anything to help it.

March Twelfth.

Men are captivated with the idea of self-denial; and then they invent ingenious ways to make self-denial comfortable and easy. . . . They build steps of straw to climb to heights of gold.

March Thirteenth.

If joy in work were a mere polish and decoration of life, it would be sad that man should not have it; but if it is the means by which alone the work of life may be effectively and nobly done, then its loss may be the very loss of life itself.



Perennials.**March Fourteenth.**

The world claims for you, and your own soul claims for you, your best. It is an obligation to yourself and an obligation to the world.

March Fifteenth.

Ah, the question is not whether that is wicked, whether God will punish you for doing that. The question is whether that thing is keeping other and better things away from you.

March Sixteenth.

Not in the leaves, but in the root, lives the tree's life. Not in the act, but in the heart, are the issues of life and death; and failure is never total and complete till the heart turns away in obstinacy and sets its face towards evil.



March Seventeenth.

All the separation from sin, all the self-sacrifice by which alone you could preserve your own purity and help your brethren, has been in you the renewal, the echo, of that terrible giving of Himself for truth and man which Christ accomplished.

March Eighteenth.

Try to find out if your repentance for sin is real—a genuine sorrow for a wrong life. If it is—no matter if it falls short of the complete contrition which you picture to yourself—still keep it, hold it fast; do not let it slip away into the placid content which you felt before you were penitent at all.

March Nineteenth.

You feed on the cornfield and then go and build your house, and it is the

cornfield in your strong arm that builds the house, and piles the stone, and lifts the roof into its place. You feed on Christ and then go and live your life, and it is Christ in you that lives your life, that helps the poor, that tells the truth, that fights the battle, and that wins the crown.

March Twentieth.

The mystery and awfulness of God is a conviction reached through serving Him. . . . Would you grow rich in reverence? Go work, work, work with all your strength; so let life deepen around you and display its greatness.

March Twenty-first.

All of us who are thoughtful discover very early that happiness or unhappiness may mean very much or very little, that there is a consciousness



underneath sorrow and joy into which we must penetrate, in which we must live, before we can know our true lives.

March Twenty-second.

Higher than intelligence or knowledge, as a gift from man to man, is moral inspiration. It is good to give man a new idea, but surely it is better to give him a high motive. The motives of the noblest actions are lying all about us all the time.

March Twenty-third.

Every day the power that we will not use is failing from us. Every day the God whose voice speaks through all the inevitable necessities of our moral life is saying to the men who keep their talents wrapped in their napkins, "Take the talent from him."

March Twenty-fourth.

In a true sense everything is a man's own which needs that man; not everything which he needs, but everything which needs him. . . . I pity the man who does not know the responsibility and privilege of that high sort of ownership.

March Twenty-fifth.

When God speaks to you, you must not make believe to yourself that it is the wind blowing or the torrent falling from the hill. You must know that it is God. You must gather up the whole power of meeting Him. You must be thankful that life is great and not little. You must listen as if listening were your life. And then, and then only, can come peace. All other sounds will be caught up into the prevailing rich-



ness of that voice of God. Discord will cease; harmony will be complete.

March Twenty-sixth.

As we hear the sound of His coming in all this movement of Christian life around us, Who is He that comes? A Wonder-worker to bring us forgiveness? A Truth-teacher to open Heaven? Yes; but He is more than that if we will let Him be. . . . He comes with His eternal heart of pity, which, when He gives it to us, becomes our new heart of trust.

March Twenty-seventh.

In all the places that are before us we shall either be delivered by Christ or be conquerors in Christ. . . . What does it matter which,—nay, is not the last way the best way? Since our victory is made sure by His victory,

why should we not "rejoice when we are partakers of Christ's sufferings" ?

March Twenty-eighth.

Oh, how we talk of submission! as if it were . . . the last refuge of despair instead of being what it is—the fulfilment and consummation of our life. As if you took the chisel which had been trying to carve by itself, and put it in the hand of Michael Angelo, so, only infinitely higher, is it when you teach your soul to say, "O Lord, not my will but Thy will be done."

March Twenty-ninth.

It is the portion and duty of every man who knows himself to be the child of God, to claim the highest and divinest of his Father's helps for all his most immediate and ordinary needs. What a great thing life would become if we did that!



March Thirtieth.

Christ taught the world that no struggle after righteousness was so obscure, and no search after truth was so blind and stumbling, that it might not call on the Eternal Righteousness and the Eternal Truth, and be sure that they would hear the cry. All hunger knows its right to the Bread of Life.

March Thirty-first.

The Cross is the perpetual glorification of the shortness of life. In its light we, too, can stand by the departing form of our own life or of some brother's life, and say, "It is finished," and know that the finishing is really a beginning. The temporary is melting away like a cloud in the sky, that the great total sky may be seen.

April First.

Gravity is not inconsistent with the keenest perception of the ludicrous side of things. It is more than consistent with—it is even necessary to—humor. Humor involves the perception of the true proportions of life. . . . You cannot encourage it too much.

April Second.

The partial and imperfect and temporary are always being taken away from us and buried, that the perfect and eternal may arise out of their tombs and bless us.

April Third.

The force of all spiritual life is the love of God for man. . . . It is

the fact which lies back of everything, the lake on the calm summit of the hill above the clouds, out of which all the streams flow down.

April Fourth.

All men who live the full life will have their hours of mystical experience, and will sometimes invoke the aid of arbitrary disciplines; but their real culture will be in the daily duties of their lives, and will show its result in the deepening and strengthening of those primary qualities of humanity which all men recognize and honor.

April Fifth.

The beautiful completeness of the world, in which there comes no love without its duty, and no duty without its love!

April Sixth.

Creation widens in the view of the

man to whom Christ comes not merely in the light but in the dark. . . . New truths of spiritual life come out like stars.

April Seventh.

As Christ, by His self-sacrifice, entered into the company of man, so there is a self-surrender by which man enters into the company of Christ.

April Eighth.

To say "Well done!" to any bit of work that has embodied good effort is to take hold of the powers which have made the effort and confirm and strengthen them. But if you have nothing to say to your child or your scholar except (what may be perfectly true) that much of his work is badly done, then you are coming to him not to fulfil, but to destroy.

April Ninth.

Wisdom that shines like a star in the forehead, wisdom that wraps the form with dignity like a rich mantle, wisdom that burns with eloquence upon the lips,—these all men cannot have. If these are the true successes of a human life, then most human lives must be failures. But wisdom that enters as salvation into the heart, all men may have.

April Tenth.

Get what support we may out of the essential dignity and spirituality of our work itself, still its great spiritual meaning must always be that it was given us to do by God our Father. That is its real beauty. That is its true glory.

April Eleventh.

God is not a crutch coming in to help your lameness, unnecessary to you if

you had all your strength. He is the breath in your lungs. The stronger you are, the more thoroughly you are yourself, the more you need of it.

April Twelfth.

Great is the condition of a man who lets rewards take care of themselves—come if they will or fail to come—but goes on his way, true to the truth simply because it is true, strongly loyal to the right for its pure righteousness.

April Thirteenth.

It is a most wanton presumption and pride for any man to dare to be sure that there is not some very important and critical place which just he and no one else is made to fill. It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do every-



thing. The latter folly supposes that God exhausted Himself when He made you; but the former supposes that God made a hopeless blunder when He made you, which it is quite as impious for you to think.

April Fourteenth.

It is a strange thought to many, but it is a thought that grows very dear to the souls that really enter into it, that there was something in the crucifixion which it is our highest privilege to share.

April Fifteenth.

It is a terrible thing when one's religion is too small for the world, and is always leaving great parts of the world unaccounted for, unilluminated. It is a great thing when the world is too small for one's religion, and the soul's sense of the glory and dearness of God



is always craving larger and larger regions in which to range. Then, welcome all discoveries, all illuminations, all visions of the greatness of the world of God!

April Sixteenth.

Be sure that God would rather . . . have you show your humility by the complete trust with which you take His mercy than by the distressed perplexity with which you wonder whether it is possible for you to take it.

April Seventeenth.

It is sad indeed when a man comes to that state in which each new day does not seem in some sense to begin the world anew, recalling every departed hope and brightening every faded color of the night before. . . . All live men covet the inspiration of beginning.



April Eighteenth.

If Duty grows weak, it must climb to the fountainhead of Love and drink. If Love grows doubtful and hesitates, it must lean and steady itself on the strong staff of Duty.

April Nineteenth.

Life is not life, freedom is not freedom, unless the live thing is set in the ground of its true nourishment, and keeps open the connection with the Eternal Source of its strength. Man is not living except as he lives in God.

April Twentieth.

Though the star should be quenched in a moment forever, it is good that the star should shine its brightest to the very last. This is the instinct of the brave and healthy heart that is faithful to its truest impulses.

April Twenty-first.

It seems, sometimes, as if trouble, trial, suffering, were in the world like the old fabulous river in Epirus, of which the legend ran, that its wonderful waters kindled every unlighted torch that was dipped into them, and quenched every torch that was lighted.

April Twenty-second.

If our answered prayers are precious to us, I sometimes think our unanswered prayers are more precious still. Those give us God's blessings; these, if we will, may lead us to God.

April Twenty-third.

Our affections and our indignations are the deepest part of us. . . . When they get to their deepest, and love God and hate all that dishonors



Him, then the highest of all glories is reached, and heaven has nothing more to offer except higher rooms of this highest school into which the soul has now graduated.

April Twenty-fourth.

The eye sees phenomena; the soul sees causes underlying the phenomena.
. . . It is not well to live and see only from the eyes and brain outward.

April Twenty-fifth.

All truly consecrated men learn little by little that what they are consecrated to is not joy and not sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable blending of the two.

April Twenty=sixth.

I believe in those larger conceptions of life which men call vague. I must have some notion in general of what I am alive for, or I cannot live rightly from hour to hour, this evening and to-morrow morning. . . . Ten thousand men become machines from too narrow, where one becomes visionary from too large, theories of life.

April Twenty=seventh.

The poor blind world cannot tell its need, nor analyze its instinct, nor say why it seeks one man and leaves another; but through its blind eyes it knows when the fire of God has fallen on a human life.

April Twenty=eighth.

The true disciple of God will be yielding enough in indifferent matters,



but firm as a rock against the most time-honored abuses or iniquities. . . . He will be like a healthy plant that does not care about the color of the pot it grows in, but does care very much about the quality of the earth out of which it has to feed its roots.

April Twenty-ninth.

Let your highest needs plead with God to enlighten your lower nature. Pray for yourself, " Lord, that I might receive my sight!" For there are better things to see if you can only see them.

April Thirtieth.

Do not despise the witness that even the meanest of people bear to your work. When it really rains, the puddles as well as the ocean bear witness of the shower.



Day First.

Everywhere faith, or the capacity of receiving, has a power to claim and command the thing which it needs. . . . And how these spring days bear us witness that the soil acknowledges this power!—no sooner does it feel the seed than it replies; it unlocks all its treasures of force; the little hungry black kernel is its master. “O seed, great is thy faith!” the ground seems to say; “be it unto thee even as thou wilt”; and so the miracle of growth begins.

Day Second.

We talk about the glory of resignation to the inevitable, . . . but the true glory is in resignation to the



evitable. To stand unchained, with perfect power to go away, with perfect certainty that no man will drive you back, to stand held only by the invisible chains of higher duty, and, so standing, to let the fire creep up to the heart—that is the truer heroism. And there are men and women whom we meet every day . . . who are doing that.

Day Third.

The Christian is a man in the world. The difference between him and the man of the world must not be in the separation of all their occupations. It must be in the different ways in which they hold their worldly things.

Day Fourth.

Strong action can issue only from strong faith. Only out of certainty comes power.

Day Fifth.

If there is a special form and an unseen purpose to every life, then there is always the hope that though the form may be broken, the purpose of the life may yet fulfil itself in some other way, even in spite of,—nay, through the breakage of the form.

Day Sixth.

The more we watch the lives of men, the more we see that one of the reasons why men are not occupied with great thoughts and interests is the way in which their lives are overfilled with little things.

Day Seventh.

It is only by entering into the higher anxieties of Jesus that one can be freed from the lower anxieties of men. You must care with all your soul that God



should be glorified, and that men should be saved. If you can do that you are free.

May Eighth.

Faithfulness to one's work may be only an outside bondage, but joy in it is a relationship of heart to heart—of the heart of the man to the heart of his task.

May Ninth.

To do your work because you must; to do your work as a slavery; and then, having got it done as speedily and easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment,—that makes a very dreary life. No man who works so does the best work.

May Tenth.

Many and many a time the child within us prays while the man in us

stands by and pities. The bright, simple, spontaneous impulses go out toward God, fly up to heaven, while dull, earth-bound habits cling to the ground.

May Eleventh.

Let us try, if we are really Christians who believe that our Lord has ascended into heaven, to enter into His heavenly life by the largeness and loftiness of the prayers that we bring to Him. . . . Not comfort, not spiritual rest, not freedom from pain here or hereafter,—not these, but the chance, the power, the will to glorify God our Father in our lives as He, the perfect Son, did in His—this we may ask.

May Twelfth.

The true horror of the judgment-day will be the making manifest of hearts.



What I have done will fade before the preëminent shame of what I have been. Then, deeds will take their true places as mere fruits and types of character.

May Thirteenth.

There are many men who would go to China for a brother if he needed it, who will hardly go down the street for him without grumbling, — men who would give up their lives and never think of it, but find it very hard to give five minutes for a friend.

May Fourteenth.

Set what little faith you have to doing its best work, so it will grow to more. Make more of what you do believe than of what you do not believe.

May Fifteenth.

Do not so misread history that it shall seem to you, when you try to do

right, as if you were the first man that ever tried it. Put yourself, with your weak little struggle, into the company of all the strugglers in all time. See in the perpetual struggle of good and evil that the impulse after good is eternal, and the higher needs are always asserting their necessity. In their persistent assertion read the prophecy of their final success, and take courage.

May Sixteenth.

Happiness is the natural flower of duty. The good man ought to be a thoroughly bright and happy man.

May Seventeenth.

Quickly or gradually the man who has begun to live more seriously within, begins to live more simply without.

May Eighteenth.

It is your privilege and mine, as chil-

dren of God, to be satisfied with no help but the help of the highest. When we are content to seek strength or comfort or truth or salvation from any hand short of God's, we are disowning our childhood and dishonoring our Father.

May Nineteenth.

No ship can tempt the sea and learn its glory, so long as she goes moored by any rope, however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea grows too rough. The soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never can get its true joy and power.

May Twentieth.

There are faiths, and they have been very many and very powerful, whose gaze was backward. . . . Christianity is full of hope. It looks for the ever richer coming of the Son of Man.

It lives in sight of the towers of the New Jerusalem which fill the western sky. Therefore it has been the religion of energy and progress everywhere and always.

May Twenty-first.

The Holy Spirit may help us, will surely help us, just as far as He can, even if we do not know His name or ever call upon Him. But there is so much more that He might do for us if we would only open our hearts and ask Him to come into them.

May Twenty-second.

As we come to God the Holy Ghost, we come to one another. He is the constructive principle and power in human life. By Him every society of good men is bound together.



May Twenty-third.

The window which makes itself dark, darkens not merely itself, but also all the room into which the light might have shone through it.

May Twenty-fourth.

As you grow better you sweep up out of the grasp of money, praise, ease, distinction; you sweep up into the necessity of truth, courage, virtue, love, and God. The gravitation of the earth grows weaker, the gravitation of the stars takes stronger and stronger hold upon you. On the other hand, as you grow worse, as you go down, the highest necessities let you go, and the lowest necessities take hold of you. Still, as you go down you are judged by what you can do without and what you cannot do without. You come down at last where you cannot do

without a comfortable dinner and an easy bed, but you can do without an act of charity or a thought of God.

May Twenty-fifth.

The spirit of practicalness is the consecration of the whole man, even the most ideal and visionary parts of him, to the work of life.

May Twenty-sixth.

All woe is one at its heart, and all divine help is one; and so any helpfulness in man which really comes from God can be something to, can do something for, any possible suffering which comes across its path.

May Twenty-seventh.

The outlook into mystery has even a stronger intellectual influence than the inspection of discovered fact.

May Twenty-eighth.

To believe in the sun and not in the eye, to believe in the sweetness of honey and not in the power of taste, to believe in the God over and around us and not in the God within us,—that would be a powerless and fruitless faith. But to believe in God the Son and God the Spirit too, . . . to believe in ourselves through the divine presence which we are capable of receiving and containing,—that completes the faith of man.

May Twenty-ninth.

We hear so much about the danger of wrong thinking and wrong doing: there is the other danger of not doing right and not thinking right,—of not doing and not thinking at all.

May Thirtieth.

By purer life, by finer aspirations, by

heartier hatred of corruption, let us be worthy of them, and in our quiet duties build the true memorial of those who found their duty in the camp, the prison, and the field, and where they found it did it even to the death.

May Thirty-first.

That glorious millennium for which we sigh . . . will consist not in the transformation of men into angels, nor in the coming forth of a few colossal men to be the patterns and the champions of life, but in each man, through the length and breadth of the world, doing his best.



June First.

If, as we profess to believe, right is forever antagonistic to all wrong, then what a lesson there is for us in the steadfast law and faithfulness of all the universe around us! How each day coming to its task of crowded labors, each night bringing in its blessed peace of sleep, brings with it a remonstrance against our faint-heartedness and constant wavering of loyalty and truth!

June Second.

Of the love of God what shall we say? He wove its records everywhere. He spun it in the color of the lily and made us hear it in the noiseless fall of the sparrow. He made all sorrow and joy to be its ministers. And then at

last He hung it on a Cross so high that no pride could tower so high as to overlook it, so low that no most abject humility could fall so low as not to be within its light. This is what Jesus did. He touched the world with His life, and made it everywhere a luminous utterance of God.

June Third.

To be always living with One whose kingdom is not of this world—how this breaks up and scatters the littleness of life, the bondage of the seen!

June Fourth.

It is in our best moments that we are most genuinely ourselves. Oh, believe in your noblest impulses, in your purest instincts, in your most unworldly and spiritual thoughts! O mercenary merchants, O clerks and shop-boys, over-

whelmed and stunned by the clamorous details of business life, you see your true self when you believe that the best and purest moment which ever came to you is only the suggestion of what you were meant to be and might be all the time. Believe that, O children of God!

June Fifth.

I do some work for my fellow-men to-day, and I am a better fulfilment of the purpose that God had in my existence; I come to a fuller completion of myself; I am fitter for some of the work that this great hungry, needy, crying world demands.

June Sixth.

“ Lord, that we might receive our sight.” How deep these words are! Our sight!—a sight which, though we never saw with it, is really ours,—the

sight with which we were made to see.
. . . Not once in all the Gospels is it written that Christ passed by a prayer like that and did not answer it.

June Seventh.

O the people of privilege! . . . how they behave like children to whom have been given jewels that might glorify and enrich the world, but who use them only to deck out their foolish baby-houses. Oh, for some voice of Christ to come to them and say, "Ye are the light of the world."

June Eighth.

"In all time of our prosperity," we may well pray, "good Lord, deliver us." Deliver us not only from its mischiefs, but set us free for its true use.
. . . Give us grace to grow by every privilege more strong for God's



glory and honor, more pitiful of brother men, and more ready for the change when the day darkens and panic comes where peace is now.

June Ninth.

Death is the enlightener. The essential thing concerning it must be that it opens the closed eyes, draws down the veil of blinding mortality, and lets the man see spiritual things.

June Tenth.

You must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it. God will waste nothing. There is something in your past—something, if it be only the sin of which you have repented—which, if you put it into the Saviour's hands, will be a new life to you.

Perennials.**June Eleventh.**

Never let the seeming worthlessness of sympathy make you keep back that sympathy of which, when men are suffering around you, your heart is full. Go and give it without asking yourself whether it is worth the while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to tell what it is worth. God, from whom it comes, sends it through you to His needy child.

June Twelfth.

The best and bravest things that we are called to do need something more than this life to complete and justify themselves in.

June Thirteenth.

The elaborateness of life makes cowards of us. It is not the bigness of the sea, but the many mouths with which

it mocks his feebleness, that makes the strong swimmer grow afraid and sink. We want to find some one thing which we are sure of, and tie our lives to that, stand strong upon it to buffet off our fears.

June Fourteenth.

I believe our lives are too prosaic; I think we all might live up in purer air.
. . . We all have more poetry in us than we use.

June Fifteenth.

If it be poetry, as I think it is, to go out to-morrow morning with all our closets open and all our moral enginery in play, ready to see the miracle that the sun will bring up over the river and the hills once more, ready to learn the lesson of the earth,—a work to do and manly strength to do it,—ready to

Perennials.

sympathize with and love and worship all that is worthy of our sympathy and homage, ready to grow more human in our charity for man, ready to grow more godlike in our reverence for God, —if this be poetry, then fifty poems may begin to-morrow, with earth's music for them all to sing to, and heaven at last to crown the victor with a sweet " Well done! "

June Sixteenth.

Let every dissatisfaction with the present be made not a discouragement, but an inspiration, by the continual consciousness of the great law of eternal growth.

June Seventeenth.

There is no hardest, commonest, and cheapest thing which, living in simple healthiness and self-respect, may not

become the gathering point and manifestation point of the most infinite celestial light, no stone that may not make an altar.

June Eighteenth.

The very certainty that the world must be saved by the faithfulness of commonplace people is what is needed to rescue such people from commonplaceness in their own eyes, and clothe their lives with the dignity which they seem so woefully to lack.

June Nineteenth.

You can keep a faith only as you can keep a plant, by rooting it into your life and making it grow there.

June Twentieth.

Many and many an experience there is in this world which gives us the right to believe that happiness is something

very coy and wilful, which, when we chase it, runs away from us; but, when we turn away from it and seek for something better, changes its mind and chases us.

June Twenty-first.

It is good to touch many people and to see many sights; but it is good, it is necessary, to be content with no experience which remains simply an experience and does not pass on and into character. . . . The experienced man is happy if he has really drunk the rain and sunshine of the experiences which have come to him into his heart, and is the ripened man; otherwise he is only like the rock on which every passer-by has scrawled his name.

June Twenty-second.

Pray the largest prayers. . . .
Pray not for crutches but for wings.

Oh! do not pray just that God will keep you from breaking down, and somehow, anyhow, help you to stagger and stumble through,—pray for His light and life to come and fill you, that you may live like Him, that you may tread temptation under foot and walk across it into holiness; that you may be enthusiastically good, that you may shine forth with His light on other lives.

June Twenty-third.

Be more afraid of the littleness than the largeness of life.

June Twenty-fourth.

The originality of John the Baptist consisted not in the structure of his own life, or its ability to send out power from itself, but solely in the way in which it caught the life of Christ and

made that influential in the world.
. . . The power of the mirror is only that it caught the sun on a peculiar surface and flashed it in a new direction, on a new level, in the eyes of men.

June Twenty=fifth.

You never did a sin that did not give its warning to you before you did it.
. . . No man grows to be more than a mere boy without learning on what side of his moral nature he will fall if he falls at all. Every one of us knows, who is in the least thoughtful, what sort of a villain he would be if he grew villainous.

June Twenty=sixth.

' The real thing that I am, let me determine that that shall be God's, and there is no power in the universe that can pluck it away from Him.

June Twenty-seventb.

I cannot but think that in heaven there will be tasks unspeakably harder than any of the little trifles that we do here, and yet we shall not groan over them any longer, but do them with angelic ease; for the heavenly task will make heavenly men with heavenly strength.

June Twenty-eightb.

Do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks.

June Twenty-nintb.

Christ never was impatient with His disciples. He could wait till the Peter who paraded his genuine but feeble resolution at the Supper grew to be the Peter who could die for Him at



Rome, and live with Him in some high doing of His will in heaven.

June Thirtieth.

Enjoyment and suffering are the right and left hand of the same Father.

July First.

If your Christian service is too small in its degree for you to boast of, it is too precious in its kind for you to be ashamed of.

July Second.

Could not Christ have answered your prayer? No, He could not. . . . The thing you asked for was not the absolutely best, and therefore He could not give it. Back of how many unanswered prayers lies that divine impossibility!

July Third.

Men think that they can be safe without being helpful. . . . It is not the hands that catch us and hold on to us, it is the hands of helpless

men which we shake off in our selfishness, that drag us down.

July Fourth.

May I ask you to linger while I . . . recall to you the sacredness which this day—the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence—has in the hearts of us Americans? To all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men.

July Fifth.

Alas for the nation or the citizen that does not learn that . . . liberty of itself makes no people and no man prosperous or good; that self-restraint and honesty and generosity and independence, if they are the crown upon the head of a benignant despotism, are

the very life-blood in the veins of a self-governing republic.

July Sixth.

When I think how our lives might be psalms, how, going on after our Master, we might be filled with the joy of honoring such a Leader and entering daily into such a Life,—then these days which we do live, even the very best of them, seem dull and spiritless. By all your dissatisfactions, by every glimpse that you have ever had that you were made for better things, I call on you to open your eyes to the tawdriness, the ugliness, of a worldly life!

July Seventh.

Before you burns the Beauty of Holiness. Perfectly independent of our temporal conditions, shining alike in rich and poor, not quenched by trouble,



not outshone by joy, visible to God even when no man sees it, and at last made clearer and not dimmer by the river that we all must cross—that is possible for every one of you.

July Eighth.

No level-eyed intercourse of sinless man with sinless Christ could have wrought in us such a profound and precious sense that we belong to Him as the simple knowledge that we need Him. Need has its sacred rights.

July Ninth.

All the while keep the upward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God.

July Tenth.

True spotlessness from the world must not come negatively, by the garments being drawn back from every worldly contact, but positively, by the garments being so essentially, divinely pure that they fling pollution off; as sunshine, hurrying on its mission to the world, flings back the darkness that tries to stop its way.

July Eleventh.

There is no monotony of living to him who walks through even the quietest and tamest paths with open and perceptive eyes. The monotony of life—if life is monotonous to you—is in you, not in the world.

July Twelfth.

It is a very wide law and a very beautiful one, that the best way to make a thing fit for the use for which

it was first made is to put it to that use. The best way to make the dusty trumpet clear, is to blow music through it. The best way to make the sluggish mind capable of thinking, is to think with it.

July Thirteenth.

When the spring comes, the oak-tree with its thousands upon thousands of leaves blossoms all over. . . . The great heart beats, and wherever the channels of a common life are standing open the rich blood flows, and out on every tip the green leaf springs. Somewhat in that way, it seems to me, we may think of God's remembrance of His million children. . . . They are far-off leaves on the great tree of His life; far off, and yet as near to the beating of His heart as any leaf on all the tree.

July Fourteenth.

Learn from your Saviour that no duty reveals itself until we approach it. The duty of death, when you approach it, will light itself up, you may be sure, and seem very easy to your soul. Till then, do not trouble yourself about it. To live, and not to die, is your work now. When your time comes, the Christ who conquered death will prove Himself its Lord, and pave the narrow river to a sea of glass for you to cross. The work of life is living, and not, as we are so often told, to prepare to die, except by living well.

July Fifteenth.

Not what we know so much as the *way* we know everything, not how much we know, but *how* do we know, —that is the question that is significant.

Get the quality right, and an eternity of living in the light of God will take care of the quantity.

July Sixteenth.

The Son of God is also the Son of Man. Then, in us, the sons of men, there is the key to the secret of His being and His work. Know Christ that you may know yourself. But oh! also know yourself that you may know Christ.

July Seventeenth.

Our religion is not true . . . unless the statesman taking it to Congress, the merchant taking it into business, the man or woman carrying it with them where they go in all their ordinary occupations and amusements, do indeed find it the power of purity and strength.



July Eighteenth.

The ideal life is in our blood, and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating through the thing we are.

July Nineteenth.

Test your lives thus: Do not consent to be anything which you would not ask the soul that is dearest to you to be. Be nothing that you would not wish all the world to be.

July Twentieth.

Be profoundly honest. Never dare to say . . . one word which at the moment you say it you do not believe. It would cut down the range of what you say, perhaps, but it would endow every word that was left with the force of ten.

July Twenty-first.

Just as the bird is a bird still although it cannot sing, and the rose is still a rose although its red grows dull and faded in some dark, close room where it is compelled to grow,—so the Christian is a Christian still, even though his soul is dark with doubt, and he goes staggering on, fearing every moment that he will fall, never daring to look up and hope.

July Twenty-second.

The ordinary cheap philosophies assume that life is like a fire which speedily reaches the fulness of its heat, and then fades and goes out. The high philosophy which gets its light from God believes that life, as it moves deeper and deeper into God, must move from richness into richness always.



July Twenty-third.

No true man can live a half-life when he has genuinely learned that it is a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.

July Twenty-fourth.

The higher lives, the lives of conscientiousness, certainly must be capable of a freshness and a buoyancy that are wholly beyond the power of any light irresponsibility. . . . The full seriousness, the life lived at its deepest consciousness, is as full of joy as it is of soberness.

July Twenty-fifth.

The final test and witness of spiritual force is seen in the ability to cast the bodily life away, and yet continue to give help and courage and wisdom to those who see us no longer; to be, like

Christ, the helper of men's souls beyond the grave.

July Twenty=sixth.

Behind all the special things which Christ wanted men to do and be, behind all the great lessons which He wanted men to learn, He wanted men, first of all, to *live*. It is deficient vitality, not excessive vitality, which makes the mischief and trouble of the world.

July Twenty=seventh.

All dead things are fruitless. Dead men tell no tales, but neither do they tell truths. The entrance of life is the beginning of effectiveness.

July Twenty=eighth.

There is a knowledge which is not light but darkness, just as there is a lustre on the surface of the ocean which



keeps you from seeing down into the ocean's depths.

July Twenty-ninth.

We know well enough what happiness is sent for; we know that its lesson is gratitude. O you who are anticipating happiness, be sure that you get the culture of your anticipation. It is a great, solemn thing to be happy when all happiness—from the joy of health up to the bliss of salvation—all means a loving God. We are too frivolous about our joy. We go tinkling the bells that ought to ring with litanies.

July Thirtieth.

It will not do for any one of us to make up his mind that he cannot be any good and noble thing until first he has asked himself whether it is as impossible in God's sight as it is in his.

July Thirty-first.

There is a great deal of danger of our forgetting that to believe much, and not to believe little, is the privilege and glory of a full-grown man. . . . There do come times when you must cut a tree down to its very roots in order that it may grow up the richer by-and-by, but a whole field of stumps is not the ideal landscape.

August First.

If you think about the details of your work as if there were nothing beyond them, you grow special, narrow, petty. If you can do it for God, in perfect, childlike, loving desire for His glory, then your work, be it as heavy in its nature as it may, leaps itself from the low ground and carries you every day into the presence of the God for whom you do it. That is the continual beauty of a consecrated life,—possible under all sorts of circumstances, possible to every kind of man in every kind of task.

August Second.

Insist that your buying or selling or studying or teaching shall itself make

you brave, patient, pure, and holy!
. . . Seek your life's nourishment
in your life's work.

August Third.

Let me feel that nothing but this moment depends upon this moment's action, and I am very apt to let this moment act pretty much as it will. Let me see the spirits of the moments yet unborn standing and watching it anxiously, and I must watch it anxiously for their sakes.

August Fourth.

Listen to the great modern Gospel of Work that comes to you on every breeze, but do not let it be the shallow, superficial story that it is to many modern ears. Work is everything or work is nothing according to the lord we work for. Work for God.

August Fifth.

The escape from narrowness must not be in the worker refusing to do one work and undertaking to do all things, it must be in his doing his one thing in a larger spirit.

August Sixth.

Let no spiritual exaltation come to you without your lifting yourself up in its present power and doing some work for God which in your lower moods has scared you with its difficulty. For duty is the only tabernacle within which a man can always make his home upon the transfiguration mountain.

August Seventh.

Our only hope of strength and peace lies in knowing that there is One whom nothing disappoints and nothing amazes.

August Eighth.

Pray for and work for fulness of life above everything,—full red blood in the body, full honesty and truth in the mind, and the fulness of a grateful love for the Saviour in your heart.

August Ninth.

Love God with all your mind. . . .
When the procession of your powers goes up joyfully singing to worship in the temple, do not leave the noblest of them all behind to cook the dinner and tend the house. Give your intelligence to God.

August Tenth.

Tempests and meteors are but the culminating points of processes that are at work upon the calmest days. It is while you are doing a thousand little duties in the fear of God that you are slowly growing into familiarity with

Him. It is while you are patiently toiling at little tasks that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong.

August Eleventh.

Christ not only lived with a purpose, but He died with a purpose too. Death seems so purposeless to most men! . . . Their plans have just vitality enough to last this life out, but they are not vital enough, not spiritual enough, to spring across the gulf and be at home on the other side. It is possible to have the aim of life so pure and spiritual that it may serve us as well in dying as in living.

August Twelfth.

Learning has its dangers, but their cure is not in ignorance. Forward, not

backward, into greater life; forward, not backward, into greater knowledge, not into less;—there, there only, lies the safety of the man or of the world.

August Thirteenth.

If any so-called discovery which men are teaching me to-day is really true, God has known it all along.

August Fourteenth.

It is not our fortune in life, our sorrow or our joy, it is the explanation which we give of it to ourselves, the depth to which we see down into it, that makes our lives significant or insignificant to us.

August Fifteenth.

He who begins without counting the cost comes to sorrow, but he who insists on having every dollar in his hand before he starts never begins.

August Sixteenth.

The world is growing better; I know it. . . . And yet behold how the good causes fail! Behold how selfishness comes in to paralyze every great endeavor for the good of man! Alas for him who only sees this surface fact, who does not feel beneath it all the heave and movement of the whole race forward toward goodness, toward God!

August Seventeenth.

"This statue is beautiful," we say. How do we know that? No argument can prove it to us; . . . the essential demonstration must come directly from the beautiful thing to our power of perceiving beauty. The spiritual must be spiritually discerned.

August Eighteenth.

If God may present Himself to me over the ruins of my fallen work as He

never could have entered in by its stately and well-built gates, and so the purpose of my life may be attained in all the failure of its form ;—then, surely, there is consolation—the consolation upon which the bravest and most successful of us have to fall back a thousand times—the promise of repair which, though it never can make the breakage of a life seem trivial, may prevent it from seeming fatal.

August Nineteenth.

Man is made to be happy and to seek happiness. The only difference in men is that some seek low happinesses and some seek higher. He seeks the highest who mounts up to God's standpoint, and says sublimely, " God made me for some duty. To do that duty, to fulfil that end, must be my na-



ture's highest perfectness, and so my nature's highest joy."

August Twentieth.

Not only the needy child who is going in a moment to beg for his daily bread, but the sinful child whose lip is already trembling with the prayer for forgiveness, begins his petition with the claim of the son upon the Father. In that idea alone the possibility and privilege of prayer grow clear.

August Twenty-first.

The man who has lived to make money cannot die so as to be a little richer. But the man who has lived to be good and to do good, sees those ambitions that have led him all the way grow brighter as his way draws near its close. They never burned so brightly as when he sees them just across the River!

August Twenty=second.

A torrent drowns the soil which a rain would make fertile. There is such a thing as a soul gorged with blessing and not fed.

August Twenty=third.

Go, do your duty, giving to every task the sublimest motive which you know and which you can bring to bear upon it. Get at the essence of goodness, which is not in its enthusiasms or delights, but in the heart of its consecration.

August Twenty=fourth.

The world, as it goes on, is to become vastly more individualistic than it has ever been yet. Every soul is to feel the awful sweetness of being commissioned by God to live, and of being different from every other life.

August Twenty=fifth.

If the world is making us worse, then not to change the world but to be changed ourselves is what we need. We must be regenerate by Christ, and then the world shall become His school-room, by all its ministries bringing us more and more perfectly to Him.

August Twenty=sixth.

History delights in the little, insignificant people who have turned the world's tides; and religious history has nothing of which she so delights to tell as the way in which the little have led the great to Christ.

August Twenty=seventh.

The greater men grow in the truest greatness, the more and not the less they should come near to their fellow-men. . . . The cloud forms around

the mountain peak, but once formed there, it floats away and drops its blessing upon many fields.

August Twenty-eighth.

To add each day some new stone to the structure whose lines already as they leave the earth prophesy an infinite height for the far top-stone,—he has not lived who has not felt this pleasure.

August Twenty-ninth.

A large man lives in a social system and is helped by its spirit. A little man lives in the same system and is always afraid of violating its letter.

August Thirtieth.

How many of our lives are feverish with the perpetual search after new things when the things which we have now are not exhausted! Wonderful is he who takes us by the hand and

leads us into regions of whose very existence we had not known before. This wonderfulness there certainly is in Jesus. More wonderful is he who on the old ground where we stand bids the mine open and the diamond shine, bids the fountain burst and the waters flow; and it is this wonderfulness that makes Jesus truly and entirely the Saviour of the world.

August Thirty-first.

The higher nature, through some of its deep needs or lofty impulses, is always trying to open the eyes of our lower and despondent nature to see the divine and hopeful powers which are at work upon our life. There is something in all our temporalness and earthliness which connects itself with eternity and the spiritual life.

September First.

“ Let both grow together until the harvest.” Are not these just the final words that we need ? For they declare that, however impossible now may be the separation of the evil from the good, however necessary it may be that they should thus go on inextricably mingled with each other, that is not an everlasting necessity. . . . More and more, as the wheat ripens, it must separate itself from the tares. More and more, as the man does right in danger, he grows out of the danger of doing wrong, until, beyond the mystery of death, that which began this side of it becomes complete, and, garnered into the barns of God, the wheat knows no more of the tares forever.

September.

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September Second.

What God knows is one and the same with the love with which He loves and the resolve with which He wills.

September Third.

We do not pray God to love us; but we do pray that we may so see His love that we shall love Him back again, and be saved by loving.

September Fourth.

Truth taught is not like a nail driven into a board, which remains forever the same nail that it was when it lay in the nail-box. It is the tree planted in the soil, which mingles its nature with the ground.

September Fifth.

Time and work, not as a means of escape from distress, but as the hands



in which distress shall be turned hither and thither, that the light of God may freely play upon it,—time and work, so acting as the servants of God, not as substitutes for God, are full of unspeakably precious ministries to the suffering soul.

September Sixth.

If mystery can make faith, and temptation can make fidelity, and pain can make patience, then the earth, which teems with all three, may be a very blessed place.

September Seventh.

Let yourself be helped by the noblest who can help you, that you may know the noblest with that intimate knowledge with which the helped knows the helper.

September Eighth.

Mean to be something with all your might. Do not add act to act and day

to day in perfect thoughtlessness, never asking whither the growing line is leading.

September Ninth.

The starting arrow is only conscious of the string, not yet has it any perception of the target. . . . It is only in going where the bowstring sent it that the arrow finds first the joy of rushing air, and then at last the satisfaction as it buries itself in the very centre of the target. We are God's arrows. Not because the end attracts us, but because He says to us "Go!" must be the main motive of our going.

September Tenth.

To make to-day's hard march, to fight to-day's hard battle, and leave the great campaign where it belongs, in the wise Captain's hands,—there is the only comfort, the only light, which

oftentimes seems left to us. And when we take it in profound humility, behold! it is enough.

September Eleventh.

To be able to obey ideas, to be free from self-consciousness, to be simple, —these are the secrets of courage.

September Twelfth.

There are many troubles from which it is better for a man not to escape than to escape wrongly; and there are difficulties in which it is better to struggle and to fail than to be helped by a wrong hand.

September Thirteenth.

You obey the master, and the art you wish to learn, and all the treasures which his long years of study and toil have filled to overflowing, open their gates to you. . . . Let us glorify



September.

III

obedience. It is not slavery, but mastery. He who obeys is master of the master whom he serves.

September Fourteenth.

There are no times in life when opportunity—the chance to be and to do—gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer.

September Fifteenth.

When we are simply asking “What is right?” the answer always comes.

September Sixteenth.

It is only when we know that any door capable of admitting any influence may admit the blessed influence of God, only then can we be hopeful of keeping the breadth and variety of life, and at the same time of always receiving the culture and the grace of God.

Let only the western shutters be open,
and we shall only see the setting sun.
Let all the windows be unclosed and
expectant, and from sunrise round to
sunset there shall be no interval in the
unbroken light. The sun, in the course
of the day, will look into them all.

September Seventeenth.

O you who are to-day wondering
where your faith has gone, remember!
when God gave you faith He gave you
also commandment. . . . A duty,
something to do, sprang into existence
as the brother, the twin, of your belief.
Did you bid them embrace? Did you
say to your faith, "Go, justify and
confirm your life by doing that?" If
you did not, it is no wonder that your
faith has faded and is almost gone.
. . . Do something with your re-
ligion, and your religion will not die.

September Eighteenth.

The true life must always be going up to the City of God. It must go there for its first total consecration. It must go there for its education. It must go there for its work. It must go there to catch sight of its promised victory. And at last it must go there for its final sacrifice and pain, which bring the end and the victory. Under every circumstance of life we go up to Him, and the gates of God are always open to us. . . . And every mood and time of life come to their best only as they enter into Him.

September Nineteenth.

The lazy and labor-saving saint is a sinner. The man who is not vitally good is bad, for he is shutting his heart against the work of Him who came that men might have *life*.

September Twentieth.

While the disciples peered into the dark for Jesus, and said through the roaring of the storm to one another, "Oh, if He were only here!" was not that wish for Him a sort of presence of Him in their boat? And so the man in doubt who prays for certainty, the man in weakness who prays for strength, the man in sin who prays for holiness, however the things he prays for may seem to delay their coming, has in the very struggle—the cry, the prayer, the hope—the spirit and anticipated power of the thing he prays for.

September Twenty-first.

Come to the Lord because He calls you, as Matthew came out of the shop where he was gathering taxes; for only to the soul first giving itself to Him in



unquestioning obedience can Christ give Himself in unhindered love.

September Twenty-second.

It seems so far off, that Cross of Jesus, and it is really so near! For it is lifted up so high that the waves of time roll unmeaning at its foot. It is the power of perfection for us to-day.

September Twenty-third.

It is a most inspiring thought that never yet did God put any high emotion into the soul of any of His children that God's world did not instantly stand before that child with a duty in its hand, saying, "This is the task that belongs to your new emotion."

September Twenty-fourth.

The temporal life that is not allowed to open into the eternal life becomes corrupt and feeble even in its temporalness.

September Twenty-fifth.

The home, school, and shop must be here on the fairest hillsides and plains of the world *for something*. If we will not claim them for their best use, and by our use of them exalt them to their best explanations, we need not wonder at the low and godless explanations which men give of them.

September Twenty-sixth.

When men, asking for the means of grace, are pointed first of all to the duties and relations of their lives as the places where they will meet God, where they will find the deepest experiences, convictions of sin, utter humility, the need of Christ, and the ideal of holiness,—then how the dead earth and all that is upon it will glow with a fire that no materialism can quench! Till then, so long as we fail

to use the world for spiritual culture, no wonder if it be dead ; and who cares whether the dead thing sprang from the hand of a Creator or took shape out of chaos by a force as dead as itself ?

September Twenty-seventh.

In the name of all you hope to know, cling close to what you know already. Make much of it, live up to it, hold it fast in the bosom of a loving life.

September Twenty-eighth.

It is no dead, burnt-out cinder on whose breast we live. It is a live earth, registering in its vital changes all that men do, sympathetic, tremulous with vitality ; a world to honor and to reverence and to love, not to despise nor disgrace ; an earth for noble men to live noble lives upon ; an earth which,

being itself full of the life of God, must have true help to give to all those higher inspirations of His life which are in man.

September Twenty-ninth.

A true acceptance of the whole Bible idea of ever-present spiritual life would not set us to watching for the apparitions of the dead or for the sight of angels, but it would give us the strength which comes to every work and suffering from the knowledge that this universe is larger than it seems, and that it is all peopled with spiritual existences to enlighten and feed our life. . . . The brave man need not see any celestial form with spear and helmet by his side, yet he may know as he goes to the battle that the spirits of justice everywhere are sympathizing with him, and helping him in unknown ways.



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September Thirtieth.

I am sure that God and His angels
help many a struggler who does not
know where the help comes from.

October First.

Believe that no man lives at his best to whom life is not becoming better and better, always aware of greater and greater forces, capable of diviner and diviner deeds and joys.

October Second.

Was there ever a great disappointment in your life which, even while you felt its weight pressing upon you, did not begin to turn that weight to wings and inspire you with a new freedom ?

October Third.

Moral courage is nothing in the world but just the capacity for doing what we ought to do. Give that to every man, and only think with what a stir of eager and vivacious interest this dull world

in which we are living would wake and start! As when the prince came into the sleeping castle and kissed the princess, and every sleep was broken, and the wheels of life began with clatter and delight, so would it be if duty, the best of all princes, should come in among us all.

October Fourth.

Men's awe of God seems to make their souls orphans by putting Him so far away.

October Fifth.

Narrowness is to be escaped not by deserting our special function, but by compelling it to open to us the things beyond itself.

October Sixth.

In the centre of our life stands
. . . the single Fountain out of

Perennials.

which all sin and all uncleanness are to drink for healing. Every step that is not toward the Fountain is toward the desert.

October Seventh.

Your life will not always be uneventful. . . . The crisis will come. But the power of the crisis is here and now, in these days which you are ready to call dull and insignificant. Oh, if you could see how they are all burdened with criticalness!

October Eighth.

The law of straight things is just to let them grow; they will grow straight. The law of crooked things must be to break and readjust them; otherwise the more growth, the more crookedness forever. . . . Given the fact of sin, the most gracious law becomes

this new law—the law of breakage and readjustment, the law of broken hearts.

October Ninth.

Sometimes there comes in all of us a strong, deep craving to give up this endless, complicated search after what is safe or proper or fashionable to believe, and just to seek what is true; and to get rid of these thousand artificial standards of what a man is expected to do, and, come of it what will, simply do what is right.

October Tenth.

It is a noble and beautiful thing to feel ourselves outgrowing our contempt, to recognize each day that something which we have been despising as poor is high and pure and rich in worth and beauty.

Perennials.**October Eleventh.**

Even to His incarnate Son God gave life in slow development. What wonder if to us it comes with a slowness that makes us often despair; and yet when it does come completely, we shall know that except as it was thus slowly given it never could have been made really ours at all.

October Twelfth.

The true thing comes when men of flesh and blood tread flat on solid ground; and then imagination and poetry become the healthiest diet of the soul. . . . Such a soul travels fast. A moment's sunlight builds a bridge for it to leap to heaven up the shining stairs; and then to come back again to earth and see its bright bridge broken into fragments, and go on singing through the dark the snatch of

angel song it caught that moment while it stood in heaven,—do you say this man, be he old or young, is not strong?

October Thirteenth.

However it may puzzle us to apply it to the lower, the promise is always true about the higher things: "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

October Fourteenth.

One year, God lifted the curtain from a hidden continent, and gave His children a whole new world in which to carry out His purposes.

October Fifteenth.

When every material triumph is compelled to show some spiritual gain, some contribution to human character, then how much more life will mean!

Perennials.**October Sixteenth.**

Submission is no cry of a defeated man; it is the soul seizing on the privilege and right of being completed after God's own pattern.

October Seventeenth.

Through the gray pavement of the streets of Venice run two threads of white marble, by which the traveller, lost in the intricacy of the mighty city, cannot fail to find his way to the Rialto, where the centre of the city's business lies. So through all education run these three threads [naturalness, practicalness, and nobleness] by which he who follows patiently shall come at last to where truth is most truly and richly taught and learned.

October Eighteenth.

All duty must be its own revealer. No man comprehends any work that

God has given him to do till the coming task brings its own light with it.

October Nineteenth.

Faith, walking in the dark with God, only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask Him for the lifting of the darkness so that the man may find the way for himself.

October Twentieth.

The best glory of the most full existence is in the overfilling of its fulness with the love and fear of God.

October Twenty-first.

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope and believe in work.

October Twenty-second.

Religion is not by accident or chance, but by its own very nature, the happiest of lives. Just so far as it ever grows sad and gloomy, it grows irreligious.

October Twenty-third.

This notion of taking everything as God's gift, which so robs life of its sorrow, . . . is no foolish attempt to get rid of second causes. It is no fantastic effort to make believe that money is not to be won by industry, and knowledge gained by study, and friends by friendliness. But it is the everlasting feeling of the fountain behind the stream.

October Twenty-fourth.

The unthoughtful person's talk is always gossip, which is always vulgar,

even if it deals with wars and revolutions. The thoughtful person's talk is philosophical and interesting and elegant, even if it is about neighbors and servants. Wit and wisdom are not in subjects but in speakers.

October Twenty-fifth.

It is not in your silks and satins, not in your costly houses and your sumptuous tables, that your unheroic lives consist. It is in the absence of great, inspiring ideas, of generous enthusiasms, and of the courage of self-forgetfulness.

October Twenty-sixth.

I am to serve my fellow-men because they are God's children; because, in the great, deep mystery of the words that Jesus spoke, when I am serving them I am serving Him.

October Twenty-seventh.

Discipline may come while you *expect* suffering as well as while you suffer, if you are docile enough; and then, when the suffering is reached, there is nothing there to terrify you, nothing but the "peaceable fruits."

October Twenty-eighth.

The object of God's giving us any gift is not that we may possess the gift, but that we may possess Him. . . . Therefore it is that the gifts are given only as they are required. Not once for all, so that we might take them on our shoulders and go away and forget the Giver, but day by day, so that each day the day's gift might make the Giver real, and so all life be filled with Him.

October Twenty-ninth.

Wonderful is that faith in faith by which the soul dares to be sure, even

in the very thick of doubt, that in belief and not in unbelief is its eternal rest and home!

October Thirtieth.

Very many of the best and greatest things are dull and burdensome upon the surface, and they only lay hold upon us and enchain us when we get within the power of their hearts and souls.

October Thirty-first.

Profusion, but no waste,—this is the lesson that Nature reads us everywhere. The dead leaves of this autumn are worked into next year's soil. The vast surrounding atmosphere is made efficient over and over again for the breath of living men. For men who need to be trained to reasonableness and care, God has built just the home that they needed for their training, and sent us

to live in this star which shines among
His other stars steadily and soberly
with its double light of continuity and
economy.

November First.

The sainthoods of the fireside and the market-place!—they wear no glory around their heads; they do their duties in the strength of God; they have their martyrdoms and win their palms; and though they get into no calendars, they leave a benediction and a force behind them on the earth when they go up to heaven.

November Second.

This we may know surely—that no man or woman can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

Perennials.**November Third.**

No Christ for priests and heroes only has He been, but rather a Christ who made a possible priest or hero of every man.

November Fourth.

Only the last day shall tell how much of earth is hallowed ground!

November Fifth.

The belief in God has always helped to prove to men that God exists. . . . There must be an external fact to which all this internal movement corresponds. Where all the needles turn there must be a pole.

November Sixth.

There is a constant tendency, among the most earnest and conscientious people, to feel that the causes for which they live and work are their

causes more than that they are God's causes.

November Seventh.

To know the best that we can learn of what is good for these seventy millions of the children of God, and to do what we can by our ballot and influence to secure it,—this is to work with God; and he who does it faithfully finds his political thought and labor a little sanctuary wherein God speaks to him, and gives him richly of His spirit.

November Eighth.

The best advisers, helpers, friends, always are those not who tell us how to act in special cases, but who give us, out of themselves, the ardent spirit and desire to act right, and leave us then, even through many blunders, to find out what our own form of right action is.

November Ninth.

If you cannot argue, live! Conviction comes through argument, but life comes through life.

November Tenth.

The Cross shows not merely what Christ does, but what Christ is. The heart that beats against the Cross is not merely gathering unto itself Christ's mercy, but shaping itself upon Christ's character.

November Eleventh.

There is a religion which finds the world unsatisfying, and so turns longingly, wistfully, pathetically, wearily, to God. There is another religion which finds the world wondrously beautiful and good, yet always suggesting something more beautiful and better than itself, and this religion,



too, turns to God, but glowingly, springingly, hopefully.

November Twelfth.

Christ teaches us that there are not many goodnesses in the world, but only one Goodness; and that any goodness springing up to-day in any man's heart and taking some new, beautiful shape, is not a new creation; it is but the transmitted goodness of the All-Good. There is but one light in the world,—not many, though there be a thousand colors.

November Thirteenth.

I think that, with all we know of the divine heart of Jesus, He would far rather see a soul trust Him too much, if that is possible, than trust Him too little, which we know is possible enough.

November Fourteenth.

If the way to the light that never shall go out must lie through darkness, be thankful for the darkness. Be thankful that the brightness of pride and carelessness have given place to the darkness of shame and struggle. . . . And yet be sure that darkness is not the end, that beyond it lies light, that to bring you out into light is the purpose for which alone God brings you or permits you to be brought into darkness.

November Fifteenth.

We have not thought richly or deeply enough about any undertaking, unless we have thought of it as an attempt to put into the form of action that which already has existence in the idea of God.

November Sixteenth.

Always he who goes up to conquer peace and righteousness must burn his



ships and trust his whole life to the land which lies so rich before him. Oh, the poor, weary, half-way Christians, who play upon the fringes of the religious life, and are never quite sure that they will not turn back again and leave it all behind!

November Seventeenth.

Let us do what we ought and what we can for our own souls at once. For the judgment is coming not only at the last day, but all the time.

November Eighteenth.

Once stretch an infinite life behind our human lives, on which they rest, in which they belong, and how the everlasting contradiction between the little that we know already and the vast, uncertain bulk of what we do not know is robbed of its oppressiveness!

November Nineteenth.

He is the true idealist, not who possesses ideas, but whom ideas possess; not the man whose life wears its ideas as ornamental jewels, but the man whose ideas shape his life as plastic clay.

November Twentieth.

There is a stingy caution which will do nothing for fear of doing wrong, and so does wrong all the time. But all the time the talent is the Lord's, to be used in obedience to Him.

November Twenty-first.

The primary fact of duty lies at the core of everything. Operations which we think have no moral power, move by the power which is coiled up in that spring.

November Twenty-second.

Whatever men are feeling, the seasons come and go. . . . Men who dare

count on nothing else may still count on the tree's blossoms and the grape's coloring. It is good for a man perplexed and lost among many thoughts to come into closer intercourse with Nature, to learn her ways and catch her spirit.

November Twenty-third.

Nature is beautiful, and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and God is over us and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more faithful, less complaining of our trials and our time, and more worthy of the tasks and privileges He has given us ?

November Twenty-fourth.

Back of all the special causes for thanksgiving which our hearts recognize, is there a thankfulness for that on which they all rest and in which they are sewn like jewels in a cloth of

gold,—for the mere fact of human life, for the mere privilege and honor of being men and women ?

November Twenty-fifth.

Jesus did not spend His life in trying not to do wrong. He was too full of the earnest love and longing to do right, to do His Father's will. Habit, which is the power by which evil rules us, is only strong in a vacant life.

November Twenty-sixth.

Faith says not, " I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but, " God sent it, and so it must be good for me."

November Twenty-seventh.

Just as the man who sees foliage knows that somewhere there must be water, although his eyes or ears cannot

discern it, and the trees seem to grow out of the sand,—so the man who is sure that in any spot there is a duty for him to do knows that there is a happiness for him somewhere in the doing of that duty, even though for the present it seems to be a dreadful drudgery. In the expectation of that joy he works.

November Twenty-eighth.

Who can say how much of this which seems purposeless restfulness is really purposeful struggle? The wild, confused waves are going somewhere. . . . Very much of what seems bad is only good unformed, and struggling under the power of the resurrection to its full development and exhibition.

November Twenty-ninth.

Is it not wonderful to see how few sins in the world are done flatly,

blankly, as sins ? . . . Covetousness dresses itself in the decent robes of prudence, idleness calls itself innocence, prodigality goes garbed as generosity,—they all masquerade through society and trap the souls of men. What if He came—the Spirit of all truth—and wiped out every false name, and wrote up every true one ?

November Thirtieth.

We talk about men's reaching through nature up to nature's God. It is nothing to the way in which they may reach through manhood up to manhood's God. . . . How large a part of our Godward life is travelled, not by clear landmarks seen afar off in the promised land, but as travellers climb a mountain-peak, by putting footstep after footstep slowly and patiently into

the footprints which someone going before us . . . has planted deep into the pathless snow.

December First.

If Christ sees reality, we can well understand how He can be patient with littleness. For where He stands, eternity is all in sight; He sees forever; He knows through what summer of cloudless sunshine the least grace will have time to ripen to the richest. He knows in what rich fields the seed will find eternal lodgment. So there is time enough if only the seed be real. If it be not real, eternity is not long enough nor heaven rich enough to bring it to anything.

December Second.

The power of any life lies in its expectancy. "What do you hope for? what do you expect?" The answer

to these two questions is the measure of the degree in which a man is living.

December Third.

As our souls stand waiting for their Deliverer . . . men are questioning about Him ; they are asking, " Who is He ? " Let us have our answer ready: He is my Saviour. To know Him has been a new life to me. It has been salvation. Henceforth not I live, but He liveth in me; and where He leads I will go, what He makes me I will be, now and forever.

December Fourth.

Look at Christ. . . . His was the freest life man ever lived. He walked across old Jewish traditions and they snapped like cobwebs. He acted upon the divinity that was in Him up

to the noblest idea of liberty. But was there no compulsion about His working? Hear Him: "I must be about my Father's business." Who does not pray that he, too, may be ruled by such a sweet, despotic law of liberty.

December Fifth.

All heaven is working for us if we will, as the little child digs his well in the sea-shore sand, and then the great ocean comes up and fills it for him.

December Sixth.

"Getting a living!" Is it not one of the mortifying things to take now and then these words that we are using every day so lightly, and see how much they really mean; to wipe through the dust and rust upon these coin-words, which constant friction has worn so

smooth and unimpressive, and look upon the royal image and superscription that is on them ?

December Seventh.

It is engine and steam that are to make the running power. It is artist and chisel that are to carve the statue. It is God and you that are to live your life. For you to try and live it alone is to try to do the work with one part of the power.

December Eighth.

We worry if we violated an etiquette yesterday, and let the sins of yesterday go unrepented. We are indignant with other men's vice and tolerant of our own. Our storms blow in the wrong places. Our calms come just where we need the healthy fury of the storm.



December Ninth.

Do not expect your religion to be hard. If there be hardness in it, count that hardness to be of your making, not of God's sending.

December Tenth.

The difference between the Bible with its tides of spiritual life and the modern novel with its narrow studies of human character and action,—as if they were the highest things in the universe,—this difference describes the dignity of a belief in living spiritual influences as contrasted with the low and unenterprising Sadduceeism to which our souls incline.

December Eleventh.

To live on, even when life seems all a failure and the comfort of life is gone, to count patient living the real thing,



with or without comfort,—that is to be truly brave.

December Twelfth.

Spiritual help comes to us when the tasks and duties of life show us their real purposes and meanings.

December Thirteenth.

The only final comfort is God; and He relieves the soul always in its suffering, not from its suffering,—nay, He relieves the soul *by* its suffering, by the new knowledge and possession of Himself which could only come through that atmosphere of pain.

December Fourteenth.

Test the work that you are engaged in by seeing whether it needs, whether it is restless and cramped without the truth of an immortality. If it is not, if you can do your little fight just as

well without any hope of eternity, be sure the fight you are at is a poor one.

December Fifteenth.

It seems as if the heroes had done almost all for the world that they can do; and not much more can come till common men awake and take their common tasks. I believe the common man's task is the hardest.

December Sixteenth.

The ship is out on mid-ocean, and it is midnight, and the storm is wild. The winds are savage, and the sea is terrible. We say the ship is struggling for her life. But, tell me, where was the real struggle of that vessel? Was it not long ago on the hillside where her timbers grew, and in the ship-yard where her nails were driven. *Then it*

was decided whether she was to go to the bottom or come safely to her port. So, as I look forward, I can see you, on some day in the years to come, wrestling with the great temptation, or trembling like a reed under the great sorrow of your life—a temptation or a sorrow of which you have as yet no conception. The crisis may be years away. But the real struggle is not then, but now, here, on this quiet day and in these quiet weeks. *Now* it is being decided whether, in the day of your supreme sorrow or temptation, you shall miserably fail or gloriously conquer.

December Seventeenth.

The buttress keeps the dead wall standing, but the sap makes the live tree still more alive with growth. So compulsion and fear keep us true to

duty, but love makes us larger and fitter for greater duty every day.

December Eighteenth.

You may muffle yourself in worldliness and yet understand an argument. You cannot muffle yourself in worldliness and yet be responsive to a love.

December Nineteenth.

You need God in the very things which seem to separate you from Him. You must seek Him in the very places where the misery of life seems to be that He is not. You must question the stoniest path for streams of water.

December Twentieth.

Scepticism is not merely the disbelief of some propositions. If it were that,

there is not one of us that would not be a sceptic. It is the habit and the preference of disbelieving. God save us all from that scepticism!

December Twenty-first.

Begin by seeking for what is true, not for what is false. Be as critical as you will, search as severely as you want to into the belief which offers itself for your acceptance, but let your search and criticism have always for its purpose that you may find out what you may believe, not that you may find out what you need not believe.

December Twenty-second.

This coming week is rich with Christmas glory. The thing that makes it glorious, the only thing that can give dignity to all this annual outbreak of thankfulness and joy, is that the Christ-

mas days are full of the truth of Christ's redemption of the world.

December Twenty-third.

Christ comes with His love to the great, roomy, hospitable human heart. But the hospitality—not so wise as lavish—has it not already been more than wasted on a host of beggarly and unworthy claimants, so that when the Master comes there is no room to spare ?

December Twenty-fourth.

No room ! . . . Christ knows whether there be room or not. Once let Him in and He shall find room where you never dreamed of. He shall throw open chambers wholly new to you, and you yourself shall be amazed when the great spiritual capacity of your nature gradually unfolds itself to entertain its spiritual Guest.



December Twenty-fifth.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas
within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred
of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's
courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's
love for the right.

December Twenty-sixth.

Let me be a thorough believer in
Jesus Christ, let me, that is, have
taken with Him all the revelation of
humanity that is in Him, and where is
the fellow-man with whom I shall not
be at peace? The martyr, seeing Christ
standing at the right hand of God, is at
peace with his enemies.

December Twenty-seventh.

The building of the perfect man is
the noblest work that can go on in the

world. . . . And at last, when it has passed away out of the world into new regions of activity and growth, it leaves its power to bless men after it is dead. There is nothing so round and perfect as such a life in all the world. It is the very crown of God's creation.

December Twenty-eighth.

How good it is that there are years at the beginning of every life when it is the most easy thing to believe in absolute right and goodness!

December Twenty-ninth.

The ship looks forward fearlessly to the new ocean with its new stars and new winds, for the same captain will sail her there who has sailed her here; and the fact that he will sail her there otherwise than he sails her here will only be the sign of how sleepless and watchful is his care.

December Thirtieth.

He who is in the true spirit of the sunset turns instantly from the westward to the eastern look. The things the day has given him—its knowledge and its inspiration and its friendships and its faith,—these the departing day is powerless to carry with it. They claim the new day in which to show their power and do their work.

December Thirty-first.

Every new experience is a new opportunity of knowing God. Every new experience is like a jewel set into the texture of our life, on which God shines and makes interpretation and revelation of Himself. And the man who feels himself going out of a dying Year with these jewels of experience which have burned forth from his life during its months, and knowing that God in the

New Year will shine upon them and reveal Himself by them, may well go full of expectation, saying, "The Lord is at hand."

Phillips Brooks.

"From God he came; with God he walked; God's world he loved; God's children he helped; God's Church he led; God's blessed Son he followed; God's nearness he enjoyed; with God he dwells."

The Rev. ARTHUR BROOKS, D.D.





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